

Heist

RACHAEL COLASANTO

Your scent lingers on my pillow.
You've entered my space,
The place for my thoughts.
I keep wondering, thinking,
When you lie that close,
So near to my head, my brain,
Can you hear them — my thoughts?
Are they soft vibrations pulsing
From my ears, can you see them?
Do they dance above me
In smooth circles to the rhythm
Of my slumber? Reach up for them,
Steal the unspoken words from
My atmosphere as I sleep,
Dreaming of you.